

# THE LITTLE LADS of YESTERDAY

## Soldiers of the U.S.A



B.A. UNLAND  
MAX GOLDMAN  
COMPOSER OF  
"OVER THE TOP"



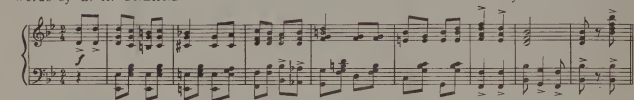
PUBLISHED BY

BALTIMORE  
WEILLE PUB. CO.  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

# "The Little Lads of Yesterday."

Words by E. A. UNLAND

Music by MAX. GOLDMAN



Voice

1. We watch the lit-tle fel-lows playing out up-on the street,— They keep a - go - ing 'till they just can't  
2. We watch the soldiers marching, just as proud as they can be,— They know it's up to them to end this



stand up - on their feet,— 'Tis just those kind of lad-dies who are fighting "Ov - er there," It's the  
war for you and me,— Our hearts are ev - er with them and we sigh as they pass by, For we



real old Yan-kee spir - it makes their fighting on the square:— It seems but yes - ter - day, they played here  
bid them God-speed on their way, a tear comes in our eye: Some day we'll find there'll be no war, but



just these lit - tle chaps, Who tired out when night came climbed in - to moth - ers' laps: 'Tis the  
peace on earth a - gain, God bless our dear brave boys, pro - tect them all 'till then:



## CHORUS

*Not too fast.*

lit - tle lads of yes - ter - day who are fight - ing for you and me

*p-f*

Seems just a lit - tle while, since they stood here with a smile, And said their prayers be -

side dear mother's knee: Now they've grown up to be sold - iers They're the

*Tromb.*

real men of to - day; When the vic - to - ry is won, We will know that it was

*rail.*

done, By the lit - tle lads of yes - ter day. 'Tis the day.

*a tempo*

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